

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

THE SANDMAN.

Now niddy nodd, and niddy dee dee,
O where can that lolling sandman be?
This baby's eyes are bright as pins, heigh-
ho!
Now where is that sandman lingering so?
O sandman, dear sandman, wherever you be,
Hasten, I pray, to this boy on my knee!

Perhaps he's at work far across the deep,
A-gathering the little Jap boys to sleep;
Or tripping on through an East-Indiam town,
To fasten some winking eyelash down;

But sandman, dear sandman, what shall we
do
To still this young tyrant's shout of: "Goo,
goo?"

The bee is asleep in the crimson rose,
And niddy nodd the poppy's head goes;
The yellow chicks sleep 'neath the old hen's
brood;
But here is my bird still out of its nest:

So sandman, dear sandman, o'er land and o'er
sea,
Haste, sprinkle your grains in this young
rascal's eye.

Soft the fringes drop o'er the bonny eyes,
Sparkling like the stars in the midnight skies;
Through the parted lids, that two pearls dis-
close,
How the sweet breath comes, how the sweet
breath goes.

Why so quick and so light the sandman steps,
We hardly knew when the baby slept!
—*Annie M. Ladd, in East Housekeeping.*

A BALL OF TWINE.

Ned's Passionate Temper, and How He
Subdued It.

Ned Dixon had a quick, passionate
temper; he spoke first and thought
afterwards. Like a whirlwind his
anger overtook him; there came violent
words, and after awhile a very much
shamed little boy would say: "O dear,
dear, what shall I do?" For he had
been taught that unless he learned to
conquer this evil spirit, in the end it
would subdue him. His mother had
striven with him and tried in all ways
to help him, and at last she said:

"Now, my boy, you must do this
thing for yourself; neither God nor
man can help you unless you strive
yourself."

"But I do, mamma," said Ned.

"I know you do sometimes, dear
child, but you have not struggled as if
you were in the clutches of a wild beast
that will surely destroy you if you
don't overcome him. Life is a poor
thing, child, if we let ourselves grow
up the slaves of our evil tendencies;
but remember, 'He that ruleth his
spirit is greater than he that taketh a
city'; and you have read of some of
the terrible battles men have had to
fight to take cities."

This conversation took place after an
unusually bad exhibition of temper on
Ned's part, and when it was over, the
boy wandered off by himself in a
very contrite mood, and at last
found himself in the barn. Here
he sat down on a carpenter's bench,
and began to examine the tools in a
box that stood open beside him. After
awhile he picked up a ball of twine
and began to unwind and rewind it.
All at once a new thought took pos-
session of him, and tossing the ball of
twine back into the box, he darted off,
and was soon running down the street
as fast as he could go.

After awhile he returned with a fresh
ball of twine that he had bought, and
put it away in a box of his own traps
in the barn-chamber. About this time
Ned's friends began to notice that he
did not get into a passion as often as
usual, and instead of speaking when he
was angry he ran away. His mother,
who watched him closely, was over-
joyed, for she saw that he was learning
self-control, though it was no easy
matter. She saw his face flush often,
and the angry spark in his eye, but he
would shut his lips tightly and disap-
pear, coming back after awhile with his
anger quite gone. Seeing that Ned
always ran to the barn at such times,
his mother followed him one day, curi-
ous to know what the boy would do.
She stepped cautiously, and, looking
up into the barn-chamber, saw Ned,
sitting on a box unwinding with great
rapidity a ball of twine. His face was
very red and his lips shut tightly, and
the cord flew fast through his fingers.
Towards the end of the hands began to
relax their speed, and when the task
was done the boy gave a great sigh
and slowly began to wind up the twine
again. His mother judged that it
would now do to speak to him, so
she climbed the stairs she said:

"What are you doing, Ned?"

He looked up surprised, and a little
confused, but said:

"O mamma, I do believe I have
found a way to help myself. I just
don't speak one word when I am mad,
but come right up here before I do any
thing, and unwind this twine and wind
it all up again; by the time I get it all
unwound, I'm not very angry, and it
is such stupid work winding it up
again, but I do it every time, and I
guess I shall learn soon not to get mad
at all, when I have to do such a job of
work every time."

Ned Dixon is a man now, and his
letters came addressed to Hon. Edward
Dixon. His mother loves to tell her
grandchildren how their father learned to
conquer his temper and rule his
spirit. They find it hard to believe
that papa ever had a quick temper; no
one ever sees it now. —*Golden Rule.*

INDIAN PICTURE WRITING.

How the Turtles Notify the World
of Their Achievements in War.

Let us see how an Indian of North
America goes to work to write. Sup-
pose a wild Indian belonging to the
great clan whose members call them-
selves the Turtles, makes a raid on a
village of huts and wigwags owned by
enemies belonging to the widespread
clan called the Bear clan. Suppose it
has taken the Turtles three days of
hard travel through forests and over
the hills to reach the Bears. By means
of their crafty spies, they find that the
brave men of the Bears are away hunt-
ing moose, and that most of the squaws
and papooses are either in the fields
of maize or in the woods, where the
berries are ripe, and only a few old
men and women are left behind to keep
watch over some ponies and oxen.
Then the Turtles, each clutching his
bow, creep on the village under cover
of the woods, and with a terrific yell
rush at the wigwags. The old people
run into the bushes, frightened almost
to death, as you can well imagine.
Then the Turtles gather up all the

ponies and oxen, drive them off, burn
all the wigwags they can, and hurry
home with the cattle. Now these sav-
ages think they have done quite a fine
thing in robbing their neighbors of
their cattle and plundering and burn-
ing their homes. And they wish to let
other Indians know what clever robbers
they have been. So the Turtle
chief chooses a piece of smooth, cream-
colored birch-bark, chews up a little
tobacco to serve as ink, plucks a twig
of soft wood for a pen, and with the
tobacco juice draws the following pic-
tures:

First comes a turtle, and it is a very
big turtle, because he thinks that he
and his clan are very great personages
indeed. Then he draws as many wavy
lines, to represent bows, as there
are Indians in the party, and perhaps
the same number of Indians with top-
knots; his lines bend forward to show
in what direction the trail went. Fol-
lowing these, a rising sun stands for
daybreak, and three lines under it
mean that three days went by in going
to the Bears. Next, he puts down as
many little pyramids as there were
Bear wigwags, and draws them upside
down to show that they were destroyed.
After that, he draws, as well as he can,
a wee, wee bear, very small, in order
to show his contempt for the Bears.
Finally, he draws with the greatest
care as many oxen and ponies as he
has captured, because he is chiefly
proud of this part of his exploit and
wishes all the world of the woods to
know what a great and successful rob-
ber he is. He does not tell that the
Bears braves were away when he sur-
prised the camp, and probably does
not care to tell that part of the story.
We may understand it from the ab-
sence of any sign for scalps. Had
there been resistance and men slain on
either side, the exact number of dead
would have been noted by drawing
just as many human figures without
their heads. —*Henry Eckford, in St. Nicholas.*

PUDGY'S EXPERIENCE.

A Dolly's Mistaken Idea That She Was
Unloved and Forgotten.

"Oh, oh, my heart is broken!" and
Pudgy tried to turn over, but found
she could not.

"To think it's only two months
since Christmas, and she loved and
kissed me all the time then, and now
she has forgotten all about me." And
a pitiful little sob sounded under the
pink sunbonnet.

"It isn't my fault, I'm sure I let
her throw me on the floor, or sit on
me, or let Jip carry me round in his
mouth, without fretting or complain-
ing the least bit. I'm just as whole as
I was at Christmas. Why did her
Uncle John bring that painted thing
from Paris, and spoil all my lovely
times? Here I've been under the
stoop since yesterday before lunch,
and she has never missed me. Oh,
dear, dear!" and Pudgy tried again
to roll over on her face and wipe
her tears on the dead leaves under the
piazza. Just then a sweet baby voice
called out: "Mamma, I don't see her.
Please, mamma, help me find my dar-
ling Pudgy." The homely face under
the piazza beamed with gladness.

"She loves me; I know it." And Pudgy
forgot all her doubts.

"You must come in, darling. We'll
look in the house; and, at any rate,
you have your new doll."

"Mamma, I'll never love any doll as
I do Pudgy. I must find her. I know
she's out-of-doors, and so cold!" and
little Helen's voice was as full of tears
as Pudgy's had been. Just then out
flew Jip from under the piazza, with a
very dragged pink bundle in his
mouth, and started across the lawn.

"Mamma, mamma! There, Jip has
her!" and Helen started after her.
Fortunately for Pudgy, a carriage
passed just then, and Jip dropped
Pudgy, who was picked up and hugged
to her heart's delight, and was carried
into the house, Helen whispering: "I
love you best, Pudgy—you are so com-
fortable."

Underneath the pink sunbonnet two
black, staring eyes tried to wink back
the tears that made a ridge through
the dirt on the cheeks, and Pudgy tried
to put her head down on Helen's shoul-
der.

When Helen was seated in the
nursery she looked at Pudgy's face
and said: "Why, mamma, she looks
as though she had been crying—see the
streaks."

"I guess it rained last night, and she
must have lain out-of-doors. Did you
forget her when you came in yester-
day?"

"I said I did, mamma. Darling,
precious Pudgy! I'll never forget you
again. I love her best 'cause you made
her, mamma, and I can hug her close."

Pudgy was perfectly happy. —*Chris-
tian Union.*

THE WRONG SHOP.

Why a Lady Customer Was Shown to the
Corner Grocery Sans Ceremonie.

A verdant housewife, fresh from her
rural home, came to the city to pur-
chase various household necessities.
She glanced timidly about her, and
was evidently confused by the count-
less shops which took the place of the
village accommodation store. There
was a bucket-shop near by, with the
usual sign over the door: "Stocks,
Grain and Oil." She read the words
and entered the place.

"I want to buy some oil," she said.
The proprietor gave her a one-per-
cent-margin smile, and winked at the
telegraph operator to get some Oil City
quotations.

"I—I want to buy a great deal."

The bucket-shop man wondered if
his safe would hold all the margin
money.

"I can buy fifty thousand barrels for
you, madam," he said.

"I don't want as much as that."

"Or ten thousand barrels—"

"I don't want as much as that."

"Or even a thousand barrels. The
charges for carrying it will be—"

"Oh," she exclaimed. "You see, I
don't live very far from here, and the
train stops just beyond our farm; so,
if you'll put me up a gallon, I'll carry
it home myself."

She was shown the corner grocery,
without unnecessary courtesy or deli-
cation. —*Tid-Bits.*

A WITCH-DOCTOR.

The Tricks Employed by a Repulsive
Looking Female Exorcisor.

Major General Bisset gives the fol-
lowing account of an African witch-
doctor, and the secret of her art. A
rich Kafir residing at British Kaffraria
believed himself bewitched. He was in
great pain all over his body, but par-
ticularly between the shoulders. Several
native doctors treated him in vain, and
the English physician went to see him,
and pronounced his affliction acute
rheumatism. But the man would be
treated by no one except a celebrated
witch-doctor from the interior, for he
said he was devoured by animals and
reptiles internally. She was sent for.
This witch was a most repulsive-looking
creature. Her eyes were snake-like, her
hair a tangled mass of close clotted
wool, with fishes' bladders and the in-
sides of reptiles tied here and there.

This hag first commenced to "smell
out" the bewitching matter. She did
it in a variety of ways, crawling
round the hut inside and out, burning
charms, by gesticulations and exorcisms
of all sorts. But before doing this, she
demanded ten head of cattle, five to be
paid at once, and the others when the
cure was effected. We were invited to
witness the strange proceedings, and
see her remove the living things which
she said were in the man. First, the
patient had to be "overhauled" by this
fearful specimen of humanity. He was
in great pain, but she was merciless;
his arms and legs were pulled, his body
pinched and squeezed, he howling with
pain. At last, she found the tenderest
point—at the extremity of his right-shoulder-
blade; then she began to make fantas-
tic gyrations, and declared that the rep-
tiles were there. Then she howled, and
again crawled round the hut, and re-
turned with a corn cob, with which she
approached the sick man an rubbed his
shoulder-blade. She then applied her
mouth to the spot, and sucked till a
stream of blood followed. She then ran
from the house to a little rivulet close
by, but soon returned and again applied
her mouth to the open wound, and
brought forth a renewed stream of
blood. She now desired every one to
search her, and I assure you she had
very little clothing on in which she could
hide any thing; but she made us look
into her mouth, and even into her ears.
She then re-applied her mouth to the
sick man's wound, and spat out a
grasshopper!

"There," said she, "is the monster!
but there are more!"

And she again proceeded to suck the
wound, and this time spat out a black
beetle. She again acted the "vampire,"
and out came a lizard, a long, narrow,
crawling reptile! The sick man was ex-
cited, and declared he felt better. Again
applying her mouth to the wound, she
spat out a matted clot of hair. This she
said was the bewitching matter. Here
was a mystery which we determined to
unravel. We offered the big five
pounds to tell us how her trick was
done. She refused. Then we convert-
ed it to silver, and again tempted her,
but to no avail. Next we turned it to
copper, and though this seemed like un-
dignified wealth to her, she was still ob-
durate. But when we turned it to
beads, knickknacks, looking-glasses,
etc., it was too much. After making us
promise solemn secrecy, she told us.
She had collected the reptiles in a
calabash. When she ran down to the
water, she gorged herself with fluid, and
then swallowed the creatures we saw
her produce; and she had the unusual
power, by an effort of nature, to bring
these living creatures back into her
mouth. The Kafir was cured by the
counter-irritation and by his imagin-
ation, and he and his benighted breth-
ren still believe that the living creatures
were taken from his body. —*Youth's
Companion.*

HONEST ADVICE.

An Ambitious Youth of Eighteen Asks
for, and Receives It.

Your inquiry, dear Cyrus-Hatfield, is
received. You ask us "which profes-
sion a young, healthy, ambitious boy
of eighteen, and no capital, should enter—
law or medicine?" Frankly, we say,
neither. The noble profession of law
does not hanker for you, Cyrus dear.
The annals of jurisprudence will be
printed as usual in monthly parts at \$4
per annum in sheepskin binding, even
though your name never appears on their
pages. People will keep on get-
ting into lawsuits over \$4 balances in
horse trades and getting stuck for
\$16.85 costs just the same as though
you had plunged madly into the dizzy
vortex of legal procedure and the boom
of forensic eloquence will reverberate
just as sonorously over the wrongs of the
man who sues to recover the value of
two Berkshire hogs that were killed by
his neighbor's cross-eyed mule—just as
sonorously as if you had hurled your
tuneful voice squarely into the midst, as
it were, of the oratorical arena. Shun
the law, Cyrus; States and jury fees
can be saved without you; and, if
possible, evade the profession of
medicine also. It is an exacting
calling, friend Cyrus, and full of
thankless toil. In your present healthy
condition you may be able to knock a
ball clean over the centre-field, but that
does not necessarily imply that you
could not distinguish a case of yellow
jaundice from a soft corn on the second
toe of a man's left foot, or restrain your-
self from administering a dose of nux-
vomica to yank a dislocated shoulder
into position again. Medicine, dear
boy, is a science of its own, and a man
who could toss a fifty-pound dumb-bell
clear over a thirty-foot wall might fail
utterly to distinguish a case of wind
colic from a compound fracture of the
right femoral bone, or a still drunk from
an attack of sun-stroke. Let medicine
alone, Cyrus, and try the wild, free
West. There is a certain cheerful
frankness in your letter which convinces
us that whacking steers on the bound-
less prairies would be just the profession
for you. It is an exact science, you
know, while law and medicine are not,
and, besides this, it is hedged about by
none of the petty conventionalities and
social restraints which at times so vex
an aspiring soul like yours. Go to the
expansive prairie, Cyrus, and graze up
with the country. If you go there now
as a cowboy, you will soon grow up to
be a cattleman. —*Philadelphia Press.*

A JAUNT IN PERSIA.

Preparations Necessary for a Mountaineer-
ing Trip in the Shah's Dominions.

This is the way we were obliged to
prepare for the trip in order to reach
our destination. It was essential that
we should take with us tents, bedding,
crockery and sufficient animals to carry
ourselves, the servants and the outfit.
This required the employment of much
talking and of occasional thrashing
when the insolence of the chivadors, or
muleteer, interfered with the clinching
of a bargain. After several days of
preparation all seemed ready for the
start. One curious circumstance about
the journey, however, was the fact that
we were obliged to journey by night.
The great heat makes it impossible to
travel in Persia in the middle of the
day during the greater part of the year.
Our departure was therefore so timed
that we could have the benefit of the
full moon. Once on the road, and
winding through narrow lanes at a
moderate walk, we were able to ob-
serve what an imposing procession we
made. At the head rode the *gildadar*,
or equeiry, mounted on a white Shiraz
Arab stallion. Two gentlemen fol-
lowed, and next to them came several
ladies on donkeys. The *tachtravan* was
next in order, carrying the invalid of
the party. This is a curious vehicle
peculiar to Persia and Turkey. It is a
covered litter borne between two
mules, and contains sliding doors and
windows. It is rendered reasonably
comfortable by mattresses on which a
person can lie at full length. The
tachtravan of the wealthy is sometimes
handsomely decorated, and mention is
made of Kings of Persia using it many
centuries ago. But generally this con-
veyance is more heavily constructed
(an is necessary, owing to the diffi-
culty of finding wood which is at once
light and strong in Persia). The march
of a *tachtravan* is necessarily tediously
slow, but it is announced for a long dis-
tance by the strings of jangling bells
carried by the gayly-decorated mules,
which do not, however, seem to appre-
ciate the wealth and weight of orna-
ment lavished upon them. On level
roads the *tachtravan* is a real luxury;
but when there is a steep ascent or de-
scent combined with bad roads, this
form of locomotion is not only very try-
ing to the mules, but is also a severe
strain on the rider, both on account of
the exertion requisite in preserving his
position and the nervous strain caused
by watching the frequent peril of being
hurled over a precipice. At the head
of the leading mule marched a
stately Arab, Abdullah Ibn Hassan.
His gait was that of a prince; he was
six feet in height, sparely built and
perfectly erect. A camel-hair tunic re-
ached to the ankles. His head was
muffled with a striped mantle bound
around the forehead with a white cord.
His swarthy features were haggard but
yet handsome, and the dark orbs which
flashed from under cavernous brows
were marked by a proud and romantic
melancholy, deepening into a glow of
injured pride tinged with sadness when
he was refused a backsheesh, as if he
would reproach you for having disap-
pointed the confidence he had reposed
in your elevated generosity. What a
standard is to an army was this son of
the desert to our humbler train. He
gave to it such a bearing that he seemed
to be the chief person in it instead of
a poor mule-driver earning twenty cents a
day traversing the wastes of an ancient
land—a mule-driver by descent and the
father of mule-drivers of the future. In
looking at Abdullah Ibn Hassan I was
led by a very whimsical turn of the mind
to think of La Fotheringay, in Thacker-
ey's "Pendennis." Did that great
reader of human nature realize when he
delimited her character what a type
she is of a numerous class who are so
richly endowed with lofty mien and
aspect that until they open their mouths
and betray themselves they pass for
something far higher than they are.—
S. G. W. Benjamin, in Century.

STAGE MOONS.

How the Silken Satellites that Shine on
Stage-Struck Lovers are Made.

A good theatrical moon is a trouble-
some thing to construct. The old-
fashioned moon was a tin moon box
about like a milk pan, covered with silk
or transparent paper, behind which two
or three candles were inserted. This
was rigged on invisible wires and thus
operated by a man who slowly drew it
upward. This was unsatisfactory, es-
pecially to those in the front seats.

The best moon now is made by using
two drops. Out of the first in which
is the sky scene, is cut a strip a yard
wide it being the path up which the moon
is to travel. Immediately behind and so
close that the piece so removed is not
discernible, is a second drop. From
this a round piece is removed and the
place covered by white or yellow silk or
some transparent cloth, and from be-
hind a strong calcium light is thrown
on the silk. The moon is made to rise
by gently hauling up the back drop.

Clouds are usually painted on strips
extending across the path cut in the
first drop, serving both to strengthen
the drop laterally and add to the realism
of the scene by having the moon disap-
pear for a moment under a cloud. —
Cincinnati Enquirer.

In the southwestern section of
Nevada is a remarkable cave in the side
of the mountains. In the soft rock
composing the dome are to be seen
sticking the broken-off shafts of arrows.
It is said that many years ago a party
of Shoshones were driven into this cave
by their hereditary enemies the Putes.
Their defense was so stubborn that the
Putes proposed a peace, and in this
case the council was called, and the
peace made was to last so long as a
single arrow remained imbedded in the
rock overhead. —*Chicago Times.*

The Mexican Government continues
still to pay pensions to descendants of
Montezuma, amounting to \$7,113.97,
namely, \$3,806.14 to Count Miravalle
and his three sisters, and \$3,308.83 to
Mariano Ortiz de Zarate and Dofia
Carmen Garcia Trevilla. The descent
of these persons from the last Mexican
sovereign is as clearly ascertained as
that of any princely house in Europe.

ALASKAN HOUSES.

Primitive Dwellings Surrounded by a
Mixture of Mud and Offal.

The houses of the natives are much
the same in all divisions of Alaska.
The dwellings are thus described: A
circular mound of earth, grass grow-
ing and littered with all sorts of house-
hold utensils, a small spiral coil of
smoke rising from the apex, dogs
crouching, children climbing up or
rolling down, stray morsels of food left
from one meal to the other, and a soft
mixture of mud and offal surrounding
it all. The entrance to this house is a
low, irregular square aperture, through
which the inmate stoops, and passes
down a foot or two through a low
passage on the earthen floor within.
The interior generally consists of an
irregularly-shaped apartment, twelve
or fifteen feet in diameter, receiving
its only light from without through the
small smoke-opening at the apex of
the roof, which rises, tent-like, from
the floor. The fire-place is directly
under this opening. Rude beds or
couches of skin and grass mats are
laid, slightly raised above the floor,
upon clumsy frames made of sticks and
saplings or rough-hewn planks, and
sometimes on little elevations built up
of peat or sod. Sometimes a small
hallway with bulging sides is erected
over the entrance, where, by this ex-
pansion, room is afforded for the keep-
ing of utensils and water vessels, and
as a shelter for dogs. Immediately ad-
joining most of these houses will be
found a small summer kitchen, a rude
wooden frame, walled in and covered
over with sods, with an opening at the
top to give vent to the smoke. These
are entirely above ground, rarely over
five or six feet in diameter, and are lit-
tered with filth and offal of all kinds;
serving also as a refuge for the dogs
from the inclement weather. In the
interior regions, where both fuel and
building material are more abundant,
the houses change somewhat in ap-
pearance and construction; the excava-
tion of the coast houses, made for the
purpose of saving both, disappears,
and gives way to log structures above
the ground, but still covered with sods.
Living within convenient distance of
timber, the people (inland) do not de-
pend so much upon the natural warmth
of mother earth. —*Chambers' Journal.*

A MAD ALLIGATOR.

How He Came to Ruin His Prospective
Captain's Mansion.

A German, living near New Orleans,
on one of the bayous where alligators
are quite numerous, finding his chick-
ens and ducks disappearing very fast,
was unable to account for it, until one
morning, about daybreak, he discov-
ered an alligator of unusual size ap-
proaching the house, under which was
kept the hen-roost. Creeping along
through the long grass, in a few min-
utes the animal reached the house, and
at once broke open the hen-coop and
commenced his havoc, first with eggs
and then with chickens—at least with
those that did not escape through the
broken bars. The German, thinking it
rather an expensive amusement, con-
trived a plan to capture the monster.
Accordingly, he procured a long rope,
and made at one end a noose or slip-
knot, and then, running the other
through a block and tackle, attached it
to a high pole which stood near the
house. The next morning he set the
trap near the chicken-coop, and
watched for the alligator to make his
appearance. About day-break along
came the alligator, and as soon as he
approached the place, and put one
front leg through the noose, the Ger-
man gave the rope a sudden jerk, and
commenced pulling it with all his
might. The alligator was, however,
too much for him, and it was not until
his son and two or three negroes came
to help him that he succeeded in haul-
ing him up to the pole. No sooner,
however, did they suspend him in the
air than he commenced lashing his tail
to and fro, and the pole being near the
house, it was not many minutes before
down went the house, furniture and
all, under the heavy blows from his
tail, scarcely giving the family time to
escape. —*Christian at Work.*

HINTS ON COOKING.

Useful Suggestions Which Housekeepers
Should Not Fail to Read.

A delicate pudding sauce can be
made without butter, by scalding a tea-
cupful of sweet milk, added to it a coffee-
cupful of sugar that has been beaten up
with the yolks of two eggs. When the
sauce is as thick as custard, take it
from the fire, and when it is cool add
whatever flavoring you choose, and the
whites of the eggs beaten, stiff and
sweetened and flavored.

Breakfast puddings are made by taking
three eggs, one teaspoonful of sugar,
one coffee-cupful of milk and one of
water, a cake of compressed yeast, a
small salt-spoonful of salt, and flour
enough to make a stiff batter. Leave
the whites of the eggs until the batter
is light, when beat well and add. They
are deliciously light and all ready for
breakfast, if set over night.

Celery may be kept indefinitely by
wrapping around it a heavy brown
towel wrung out of cold water. When
the towels get dry renew the water.

On taking boiled eggs from the ket-
tle, chip the shells on the ends to let
the steam out and prevent their cook-
ing more.

Roasted cheese is excellent for the
cheese course in a dinner, and it is also
a good dish for either luncheon or sup-
per. It is made of half a dozen slices
of bread, a quarter of a pound of
cheese, two table-spoonfuls of butter,
the yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful
of dry mustard, one-fifth of a tea-
spoonful of cayenne and half a tea-
spoonful of salt. Break the cheese into
bits. Put it into a mortar with the
other ingredients (save the bread), and
pound all to a smooth paste. Toast
the bread, and after spreading it with
this mixture, lay it in a pan and put
into a hot oven for four minutes.
Serve at once. —*Philadelphia Press.*

An old bachelor, who is not at all
posted as to the fashions, says he would
"like to know what the difference is be-
tween a traveling dress and a walking
suit." —*N. Y. Ledger.*

"As Good As New,"
gave the words used by a lady, who was at
one time given up by the most eminent
physicians, and left to die. Reduced to a
mere skeleton, pale and haggard, not able
to leave her bed, from all those distressing
diseases peculiar to suffering females, such
as displacement, leucorrhoea, inflamma-
tion, etc., etc. She began taking Dr. Pierce's
"Favorite Prescription," and also using the
local treatment recommended by him, and
is now, she says, "as good as new." Price
reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

How often you see a country tavern
with the sign hanging outside on the inn
side. —*N. Y. Ledger.*

In another column of this issue will be
found an entirely new and novel specimen
of attractive advertising. It is one of the
nearest we have ever seen, and we think
any one will be well repaid for examining
the supposed display letters in the adver-
tisement of Frick's Alka Bitters.

The traitor who is expected to be loyal
to both sides—the arbitrator. —*N. Y. Led-
ger.*

Gen. JOHN A. LOGAN will begin a series
of articles on "Reminiscences of the War"
in the National Tribune of Washington, D.
C., in the issue of April 1. Subscribers at once
to secure the first number. \$1.00 per year.

When a man is "light-headed" it is no
sign he is brilliant. —*Pacific States.*

As a toilet luxury, Hall's Hair Renewer
never fails to give satisfaction.
Sufferers from Bronchitis will find speedy
relief by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

A soft job—Shaving a young man for the
first time. —*Fall River Advance.*

Pink's TOOTHACHE Drops cure in 1 minute. See
Glenn's Sulphur Soap cleans and beautifies. See
GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

"I'm well backed with silver," as the
looking glass said. —*Stockton Maerick.*

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac
Thompson's Eye Water Druggists sell it, 25c.

Every bonnet has a "b" in it. —*Lowell
Citizen.*

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent